

THE SCHOOL CARETAKER

He shuffles now, slowly and crookedly,
Seemingly oblivious of the youngsters
Swirling around him as if
He were a rock in a babbling brook.
He hasn't time for their "foolishness."

His sparse white hair
Never looks combed anymore,
And his pale blue eyes are
Like misty pools of water
Wherein he hides the sadness
of his burnt-out soul;
His battered, furrowed face
Portrays the tragedy of years,
Of lost youth and by-gone glories,
Forever out of reach.

His gruff voice wins few friends,
And his scowling, growling manner fewer still,
But I like him,
For he wears a mask
And carries a burden he will not share.
He is sad...so sad and lonely --
A tragi-comic character
On a stage of impersonality,
A casualty of life...
Will someone someday think the same of me?

R. Joseph Morrison

DEPRESSION

Insulated melancholy,
alone with the
sympathy of my
weeping guitar.

R. Joseph Morrison

THE WINDOW IN THE WIND 1965

Will I see her there tonite;
Her soft warm touch in soft moonlight?
By the window in the wind,
Until the moon is out of sight.

I know of her when slumber calls,
For in my dreams I saw her wear
The star's blue haze that quiet falls
On dark brown eyes and silken hair.

Will I see her there tonite,
Sitting on a shadowed bed?
By the window in the wind,
Till the stars have quickly fled.

The sunlight chases her away
To places that I cannot know,
Because it follows her in day
To where my waking thoughts can't go.

But that I could only dream,
And so dream my life away,
I'd keep her then, and it would seem
There'd never be that cursed day.

For life is not the same in sleep,
And happiness might never cease
Beyond the bed of slumber deep
In love and everlasting peace.

But will I see her there tonite;
Her soft warm touch in soft moonlight?
By the window in the wind,
Where my dreams of love blow in.
P.D.P.

AUTUMN YOUNG

The children older than damp forest floors
shift soft like slow moony wind
in the cool uncommon palm of a night
near the snowless dawn of winter

The leave hearts oldly weak and frosty
join the floor
where child steps follow the forest voices

The new nickel moon invites pockets
harvestly filled from the laden ground

The children in front of winter
stand fat as full pockets
with bright spring eyes
flashing warm and hopeful
flecks
of autumn flame

- John Dempsey

WINTER CITY

The trees here are asking
for more than just a few hours
of starving sunlight
screaming through banked clouds
lying in cold surrender
on the morning caution

The squirrels here are sleeping
a longer hibernation than their instinct
wants
Perhaps they are wiser than their instinct
and crawl back in animal sureness
to share the trees' surrender

Though it seems inhumanly old
this city is fresh out of human pockets;
it has only the appearance of age,
a whiskered boy
demanding his maturity in soprano whines

This city's loins, constantly virile
eager for children
will father no wombed towns
to be its incested sisters

Though it pushes with sturdy assumption
into the sexless sky
its homely security is a taught genius
poorly learned

This city has no whether
its coldness is built into it
this winter fury is its framework
these cold and snowy winds
crisp in their coldness and dry snowiness
are its vainly caressing voice
constructed by want of personality:
the child calling after its bastard parents

- John Dempsey

SHADOWS OF LIFE

Lost in the shadows of life
I seek answers, without questions
Looking nowhere into the nothing
To which I have surrendered

Just another shadow
To dance on the walls
Silently, without question
Waiting a reply

Holly Turner